THE PLVRISIE OF SORROVV, LET BLOOD IN THE EYE-VEINE:

OR,

The Muſes teares for the Death of our late Soueraigne,

IAMES King of *England*, &c.

By WILL. HODGSON Mag: in Art: Cantab.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Legatt*, and are to be ſold at the

Not in Lowndes.
Not in Bibl. Heber. pt. 4.
Not in 3 vol. Bodl. Cat.
Not in Bodl. 4th vol.
Not in Dowce.
Not in Watt.

[redacted]

MY free-borne Muse no Patronage doth begge,
Nor doth shee seeke to temper hand and legge
To please some Great-one: what shee here doth write,
Not flattry but affection doth indite.



W. H.

[redacted]

THE PLVRISIE OF SORROVV, LET BLOOD IN THE EYE-VAINE:

OR,

The Muſes teares for the death of our late Soueraigne LAMES, &c.

LOue makes a Poet: and the ſweeteſt *Straine*
Fals like the Dew from a diſclouded Braine.
Vpon the two-topt Mountaine none doth ſing,
But whom the *Paphian Dame* doth thither bring.
How many a Lad touch'd but with *Cupids* Fiers,
Mounted aboue his wonted thoughts, aſpires
In a Hand-Language (complementall *French*)
To court and ſport, and dally with his Wench?

Hath Loue this Power? and cannot *Sorrow* lend
A voyce vnto her Sighes? cannot Shee send
Abroad hir Cares in aiery Garments dreſt?
And ſpeak the Thoughts that houſe within hir breſt.
No: though her eares be ope, her eies doe ſee;
Wordes to interpret Teares ſtill wanting bee.
* Ingentes ſtupent. *Plebeian*-Greifes they be, that make their tongues
Embaſſadors; while* Great-Ones!
When pious Princes die, when Great-men fall
As faſt as Fruit in *Autumne*; when the tall
Cedars of kingdomes ſhaken are by death;
When the too-enuious *Fates* doe ſtop the Breath
Of Maieſty: how can our *Ile* but flow,
* The Maſter Bee. And circled be with briniſh Waues of Woe?
As when the* prety little *Maiſter* dyes,
That raignes as Soueraigne o're the *Hony-Flies*,
The Subiects from the waxen Tents doe beare
His tender Corps imbalm'd in many a Teare:
And when at *Hibla* (*Flora's* choyce and prime
Garden of Pleaſure) in a Bed of thime
They doe intomb him; from their watry Eies
They drop downe Teares, and buzz forth *Elegies*:

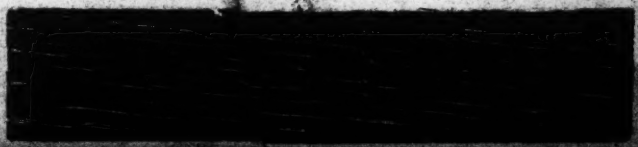
Thus



let blood in the Eye-vaine.

Thus are the Sonnes of *Europes* cheifeſt Queene
(Peace-bleſſed *Albions* Children) to bee ſeene.
One with a Ground-fixt look doth maſk his face;
Another, with a ſolemne-funerall Pace,
Walkes to his *Kings* deceaſed-royall vrne
And melts to Teares, ſpying his Marble mourne;
He through the Ayre doth ſeeke to ſpread his greife,
And weepes his *Epicedium* in a Breife,
But paſſage is deni'd to's funerall ſong,
Througth' corrall Gates which doe iniayle the toung;
One which hath ſlept vpon the *Laureat* Hill,
And many an *Hero* with his nimble quill
Hath canoniz'd already, now doth think
To lymne his muſes ſaddeſt Thought with ink,
But his Lamp-ſmelling Labor's all in vaine,
For what Loue dictates, greife blot's out againe;
When ſuch a black and kingdome-coueringHand,
Like an *Ægyptian* Cloud, oreſpreads a Land;
When kings are ioqg'd in clay vpon their *Herſe*,
Each *Poetaſter* blubburs forth a verſe:
And as the loſſe is *Epidemicall*
So ſhould the Mourners be in generall,

From



From the rich Purple-clad, toth'meaneſt Swayne,
Whom but a coate of thatch doth houſe from rayne.
Me thinkes each riuer betwixt *Rhene* and *Thames*
Meets to condole the death of Royall IAMES;
And tenant ſtreamlings from their humid caues
Are ſummon'd to attend their Lordly waues:
While that the Trident-bearers ſcaly Traine
Done from their pearly Eye-globes teares do raine.
How could I comment many tedious houres
Vpon thoſe Texts, thoſe blacke and diſmall ſhowres,
Which from the Criſtall caſements oft doe ſpin,
While *Veſta opes* her lap to lodge them in.
My thoughts thus gloſſe on't: Earth and heauen beares
Their parts both in our ſorrowes and our teares.
Denmarke Houſe. As often as I walke vnto * that place,
O how I gaze my *Cæſar* in that face!
O how my rauiſht ſoule doth reuerence
In that ſame curious worke Art's Excellence!
Wonder it is ſuch colours ſhould grace Death,
Pitty it is ſuch Beauty ſhould want breath.
And here our humble Muſe from Court departs
Vnto her *Cambridge*, the rich Mine of Arts:

And

[redacted]

let blood in the Eye-vaine.

And from the Pallace vnto *Pallas* bowers
Where ſprings a laſting *Aprill* of choyce flowers.
When firſt this learning-Louer came to ſee
His Gowned Subiects in his Royalty;
(Whoſe Preſence was more glorious to behold,
Than *Ioue*, deſcending in a Shower of Gold
To *Danae*,) wee, as in open Book,
Might read contentment written in his Look.
So deere our *Nurſe* was to him, that's Deſire,
Like to a glaſſe Houſe, kept continuall Fire
Of loue to her, our neuer age could ſhow
Such an Arts-Maiſter that did grace her ſo.
If in his life ſuch Honour hee Thee gaue,
Let him not paſſe vnto the ſilent Graue
Without a Monument, vpon his Tombe
Fix thou this *Epitaph* (which from the doome
Of Enuy and Obliuion ſhall bee free
And ſtill ſuruiue vntill there ceaſe to be
Sand in the Glaſſe of Time).

PEace *on the* * *Day of Reſt to* Reſt *did bring*
This, * *great* Kings, *Scholler*; *and the ſchollars King.*

* Sabbath.
* Euphuiſme.

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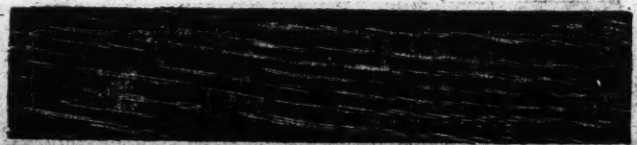
On the learned and Pious workes of King IAMES.

Authorem commendat opus.

IF bookes the children of the Braine be nam'd,
Whoſe paper-tongues may ſpeak their fathers worth;
Then by no Græcian *Bard* needs He be fam'd,
But his owne Iſſue may his praiſe ſet forth:
Whoſe loftie lines haue in a c[illegible]nds loome
To his owne glory rear'd an honoured tombe.

Yet little Oſiars gaze on mightie Woods,
Yet little ſhrubs ſit at the Cedars roote,
Yet little Caskets view our richeſt goods,
Yet little vallies lye atth' Mountaines foote.
Then our earth-groueling Muſe may well aſpire
To reade his learned Workes, and ſo admire.

ILLV-



ILLVSTRISSIMO REGI FÆLIX FAVSTVMQVE DIADEMA, PRECATVR

Φιλο-χάπολος.

GReat King, whoſe eie ſpeaks common-loue to all,
In whom our greife hath found a buriall.
Thou riſing Sun of our declining State,
Whoſe Luſtre makes thee, *England*, fortunate:
When as thy Royall Father, * full of Howers,
Yielded to Natures Peace his vitall Powers:
Thou the Prime Top-branch of that noble Stem
Wert fitly * ripened for a *Diadem*.
Far be't from mee dread Soueraign to ſet forth,
Or in ſome oyly Colours paynt, thy worth:
For what I write, Heauen knowes, is all ſo true
That what ſeemes Flatt,ry, is † neere true in you.
But moſt I feare, leaſt that my mudling Muſe
(Like an ill Painter that doth onely vſe

* Plenus dierum.

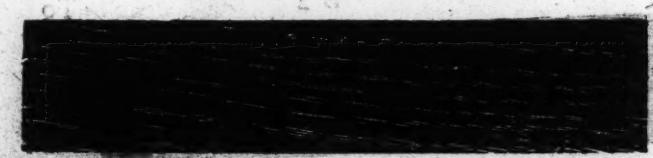
* Maturus Regno.

† deſunt



To Folks of his owne Rank to giue Delight,
Or draw ſome rude and vulgar-pleaſing ſight
With vnskill'd pencill; being neuer able
To counterfeit ought in *Apelles* Table)
May wrong her ſelfe, while that ſhee dares to ſing
In her harſh notes the prayſes of a king.
Who'll vndertake ſo great a Task, who can;
But a true Poet, but a *Buchanan*?
Yet where wee cannot praiſe ſufficiently,
wee'll pray; and our vnited ~~Pray~~'rs, on high,
Send vp to heau'ns-Starchamber; for to bring
Myriades of bleſſings on our Royall king.
May louely Peace her ſiluer Feathers prune
Vnder thy oliue ſcepter; may ſhee tune
Such Notes, as may be found (among the *Peeres*)
That Harmony, which the wel-ordered Spheares
(Yf wee beleeue *Pythagoras*) doe keepe:
May thy good deedes caſt in eternall ſleepe
Foule-mouth'd deſtruction, and ſtill ſtrike her dumbe,
When nigh the Pallace-gates ſhee dare to come:
And (to ſum vp an *Iliade* in a Shell)
Thy happy raigne may future ages tell.

The



[redacted]

The New Coines.

Gold { Fine, 30. s. / 15. s. / 10. s. } *Amor ciuium Regis Præsidium.*

{ Crowne, 20. s. } *Florent concordia Regna.*
{ 10. s. / 15. s. } *Cultores fui dens protegit.*

Siluer { 5. s. / 1. s. / 6. d. } *Christo auspice regno.*

{ 2. d. / 1. d. } *Iustitia thronum firmat.*

Distichs

[redacted]

[redacted]

Diſtichs on the Coines.

Ad mei Coætaneum, famæ ſpem, Angliæ famam, Sereniſſimum Regem Carolum.

PArdon, dread Soueraigne, that I dare to Print,
And ſtamp thy praiſes in a new found Mint:
Nor doe I clip, nor counterfeit herein,
If ought's amiſſe make it a veniall ſin.

Amor ciuium Regis Præſidium.

SAfetie attends on Loue, this is the Ring
Which weds the Citizens vnto the King.

Florent concordia Regna.

COncord's the Iemme, the breath, the euery thing;
Which makes our Kingdome flouriſh, & our King.

Cultores

[redacted]

[redacted]

Cultores sui Deus Protegit.

HE that †glorifies his God in Loue,
Shall glorified be, by Him aboue.

† Loues

Christo auspice regno.

HE that begins his Raigne with Christ on earth,
Shall raigne in Heauen at his second birth.

Iustitia Thronum firmat.

THe prop of Thrones is Iustice, in her hand
She holds the Ball and *Scepter* of our Land.

FINIS.

6 0062

[redacted]



Cernere magnanimum REGIS caput ossa requiris.
Magnanimum REGIS cernere pectus amas?
Tale caput simul os, tale pectus, tale ministras
Ipse IACOBE Tum REX, gemis amplius ossa.

PLVRISIE OF SORROVV, LET BLOOD IN THE EYE-VEINE:

OR,

The Muses teares for the Death of our late Soueraigne,

IAMES King of *England*, &c.

By Wil. Hodgson Mag: in Art: Cantab.

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MY free-borne Muſe no Patronage doth begge,
Nor doth ſhee ſeeke to temper hand and legge
To pleaſe ſome great one: what ſhee hee doth write,
Not flatt'ry but affection doth indite.

W. H.

[redacted]

XUM

Ich Gehorche Eyfrigst
Ich Gehorche Eyfrigst
Ich Gehorche Eyfrigst

THE PLVRISIE OF SORROVV, LET BLOOD IN THE EYE-VAINE:

The Muses teares for the death of our late Soueraigne Lady, &c.

LOue makes a Poet: and the sweetest *Straine*
Fals like the Dew from a dilelouded Braine.
Vpon the two-top Mountaine none doth ling,
But whom the *Pyerian Dame* doth chuse, to bring:
How many a Lad touch'd but with *Cupids* Fiers,
Mounted aboue his wonted thoughts, aspires
In a Hand-Language (complemental *French*)
To court and sport, and dally with his Wench?

Hath Loue this Power? and cannot *Sorrow* lend
A voyce vnto her Sighes? cannot Shee send
Abroad hir Cares in aiery Garments dreſt?
And ſpeak the Thoughts that houſe within hir breſt.
No: though her cares be ope, her eies doe ſee;
Wordes to interpret Teares ſtill wanting bee.
* Ingentes ſtupent. *Plebeian*-Greifes they be, that make their tongues
Embaſſadors; while* Great-Ones!
When pious Princes die, when Great-men fall
As faſt as Fruit in *Autumne*; when the tall
Cedars of kingdomes ſhaken are by death;
When the too-enuious *Fates* doe ſtop the Breath
Of Maieſty: how can our *Ile* but flow,
* The Maſter Bee. And circled be with briniſh Waues of Woe?
As when the *prety little *Maiſter* dyes,
That raignes as Soueraigne o're the *Hony-Flies*,
The Subiects from the waxen Tents doe beare
His tender Corps imbalm'd in many a Teare:
And when at *Hibla* (*Flora*'s choyce and prime
Garden of Pleaſure) in a Bed of thime
They doe intomb him; from their watry Eies
They drop downe Teares, and buzz forth *Elegies*:

Thus

[redacted]

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(Peace-bleſſed *Albions* Children) to bee ſeene.
One with a Ground-fixt look doth maſk his face;
Another, with a ſolemne-funerall Pace,
Walkes to his *Kings* deceaſed-royall vrne
And melts to Teares, ſpying his Marble mourne;
He through the Ayre doth ſeeke to ſpread his greife,
And weepes his *Epicedium* in a Breife,
But paſſage is deni'd to's funerall ſong,
Through' corrall Gates which doe iniayle the toung;
One which hath ſlept vpon the *Laureat* Hill,
And many an *Heros* with his nimble quill
Hath canoniz'd already; now doth think
To lymne his muſes ſaddeſt Thought with ink,
But his Lamp-ſmelling Labor's all in vaine,
For what Loue dictates, greife blot's out againe;
When ſuch a black and kingdome-couering Hand,
Like an *Ægyptian* Cloud, oreſpreads a Land;
When kings are lodg'd in clay vpon their *Herſe*,
Each *Poetaſter* blubburs forth a verſe:
And as the loſſe is *Epidemicall*
So ſhould the Mourners be in generall,

From

[redacted]

From the rich Purple-clad, toth' meaneſt Swayne,
Whom but a coate of thatch doth houſe from rayne.
Me thinkes each riuer betwixt *Rheine* and *Thames*
Meets to condole the death of Royall IAMES;
And tenant ſtreamlings from their humid caues
Are ſummon'd to attend their Lordly waues:
While that the Trident-bearers ſcaly Traine
Downe from their pearly Eye-globes teares do raine.
How could I comment many tedious houres
Vpon thoſe Texts, thoſe blacke and diſmall ſhowres,
Which from the Criſtall caſements oft doe ſpin,
While *Veſta apes* her lap to lodge them in.
My thoughts thus gloſſe on't; Earth and heauen beares
Their parts both in our ſorrowes and our teares.
As often as I walke vnto * that place,
O how I gaze my *Ceſar* in that face!
O how my rauiſht ſoule doth reuerence
In that ſame curious worke Art's Excellence!
Wonder it is ſuch colours ſhould grace Death,
Pitty it is ſuch Beauty ſhould want breath.
And here our humble Muſe from Court departs
Vnto her *Cambridge*, the rich Mine of Arts:

Denmarke Houſe.

And

And from the Pallace vnto *Pallas* bowers
Where ſprings a laſting *Aprill* of choyce flowers.
When firſt this learning-Louer came to ſee
His Gowned Subiects in his Royalty;
(Whoſe Preſence was more glorious to behold,
Than *Ioue*, deſcending in a Shower of Gold
To *Danae*,) wee, as in open Book,
Might read contentment written in his Look.
So deere our *Nurſe* was to him, that's Deſire,
Like to a glaſſe-houſe, kept continuall Fire
Of loue to her, that neuer age could ſhow
Such an Arts-Maiſter that did grace her ſo.
If in his life ſuch Honour hee Thee gaue,
Let him not paſſe vnto the ſilent Graue
Without a Monument, vpon his Tombe
Fix thou this *Epitaph* (which from the doome
Of Enuy and Obliuion ſhall bee free
And ſtill ſuruiue vntill there ceaſe to be
Sand in the Glaſſe of Time).

PEace on the* *Day of Reſt to* Reſt *did bring*
*This, * great* Kings, *Scholler; and the ſchollars King.*

* Sabbath.
* Conſtantin.

On the learned and Pious workes, of King IAMES.

Authorem commendat opus.

IF bookes the children of the Braine be nam'd,
Whose paper-tongues speak their fathers worth;
Then by no Græcian Bard shall He be fam'd,
But his owne Issue may his Praise set forth:
Whose loftie lines haue in a cedrous loome
To his owne glory rear'd an honoured tombe.

Yet little Osiars gaze on mightie Woods,
Yet little shrubs sit at the Cedars roote,
Yet little Caskets view our richest goods,
Yet little vallies lye ath' Mountaines foote.
Then our earth-groueling Muse may well aspire
To reade his learned Workes, and so admire.

ILLV-

[redacted]

ILLVSTRISSIMO REGI FÆLIX FAVSTVMQVE DIADEMA, PRECATVR

Φιλο-χαμπολος.

GReat King, whose eie speaks common loue to all,
In whom our greife hath found a buriall.
Thou rising Sun of our declining State,
Whose Lustre makes thee, *England*, fortunate:
When as thy Royall Father, * full of Howers,
Yielded to Natures Peace his vitall Powers:
Thou the Prime Top-branch of that noble Stem
Wert fitly * ripened for a *Diadem*.
Far be't from mee dread Soueraign to set forth,
Or in some oyly Colours paynt, thy worth:
For what I write, Heauen knowes, is all so true
That what seemes Flatt'ry, is ~~most true~~ in you.
But most I feare, least that my mudling Muse
(Like an ill Painter that doth onely vse

* Plenus dierum,

* Maturus Regno.

B 2 To

[redacted]

[redacted]

To Folks of his owne Rank to giue Delight,
Or draw ſome rude and vulgar-pleaſing ſight
With vnskill'd pencill; being neuer able
To counterfeit ought in *Apelles* Table)
May wrong her ſelfe, while that ſhee dares to ſing
In her harſh notes the prayſes of a king.
Who'll vndertake ſo great a Task, who can;
But a true Poet, but a *Buchanan*?
Yet where wee cannot praiſe ſufficiently,
wee'll pray; and our vnited ~~Pray'rs~~ Oriſons, on high,
Send vp to heau'ns-Starchamber; for to bring
Myriades of bleſſings on our Royall king.
May louely Peace her ſiluer Feathers prune
Vnder thy oliue ſcepter; may ſhee tune
Such Notes, as may be found (among the *Peeres*)
That Harmony, which the wel-ordered Spheares
(Yf wee beleeue *Pythagoras*) doe keepe:
May thy good deedes caſt in eternall ſleepe
Foule-mouth'd deſtruction, and ſtill ſtrike her dumbe,
When nigh the Pallace-gates ſhee dare to come:
And (to ſum vp an *Iliade* in a Shell)
Thy happy raigne may future ages tell.

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{ Crowne, 20. s. / 10. s. } *Florent concordia Regna.*
{ 15. s. } *Cultores sui dens protegit.*

Siluer { 5. s. / 1. s. / 6. d. } *Christo auspice regno.*

{ 2. d. / 1. d. } *Iustitia thronum firmat.*

Distichs

[redacted]

[redacted]

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Ad mei Coætaneum, famæ ſpem, Angliæ famam, Sereniſsimum Regem Carolum.

PArdon, dread Soueraigne, that I dare to Print,
And ſtamp thy praiſes in a new found Mint:
Nor doe I clip, nor counterfeit herein,
If ought's amiſſe make it a veniall ſin.

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Which weds the Citizens vnto the King.

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COncord's the Iemme, the breath, the euery thing;
Which makes our Kingdome flouriſh, & our King.

Cultores

[redacted]

Culturæ sui Deus Protegit.

HE that glorifies his God in Loue,
Shall glorified be, by Him aboue.

Christo auspice regno.

HE that begins his Raigne with Christ on earth,
Shall raigne in Heauen at his second birth.

Iustitia Thronum firmat.

THe prop of Thrones is Iustice, in her hand
She holds the Ball and *Scepter* of our Land.

FINIS.